THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL. II.——No. 44. Whole No. 96.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

GENUINE HERBACEOUS
BITTERS,
Made solely by James Gartland,
NO. 78,
North Second-street, Philadelphia.

TO prevent or cure fevers, bilious and bowel complaints, head-aches, loss of appetite, costiveness, melancholy, &c.

USE. If your body be regular, take 3 tea spoons full of the bitters in a tea cup full of cold water, morning and night; and a little in the course of the day, in any drink you are accustomed to take. If too laxative, take the bitters in camomile tea, with a few drops of the spirit of lavender. If costive, increase the quantity of the bitters. Moderate eating and drinking, with these rules will prevent fevers.

In case of attack; take a vomit of strong camomile tea, and drink freely of weak camomile to work it off, after which drink freely of the bitters in camomile tea, and it will carry off the fever by perspiration, but if the body be debilitated previous thereto, add some good red wine, brandy or geneva. All new liquors are pernicious.

The red bitters may be used with red wines and brandy. The yellow with white wines or other liquors. Both have the same effect.

Taking these bitters so as to keep the body regular, will prevent or cure the other complaints.

Its valuable effects on the human frame may be ascertained by any person who will take about a solid inch of fresh killed beef and immerse it in a glass of the bitters for about two hours, expose it afterwards in the shade under heat, air, dew and rain, and no putrefaction will ensue—hence it may be safely taken by both sexes. This experiment the proprietor made in the dog-days when Fahrenheit's thermometer had been for several days about 90°. And it defies chemistry on its most extensive scale, to be able to decompose it, or ascertain thereby, its several component parts or ingredients, therefore no imposition under that head can take place.

Price 50 cents per bottle, and 6 cents will be allowed on returning the bottle and label.

HE HAS ALSO FOR SALE,
An Ointment for the extirpation of Bugs.

USE. Clean your bedsteads well, rub the underneath, and inside the mortises, tenons & every crevice with the ointment; also 2 or 3 inches of the feet next the floor, this will prevent them creeping up. If too thick, heat the bottle.

If going to ride, rub a few drops on the horse's ears, it will prevent him from being annoyed in that tender part by flies of any description, and thereby tend to keep him cheerful on the journey.

If mixed with green paint made on raw oil and laid on your bed chamber ceiling, it will prevent flies or musquitoes resting thereon. Price 25 cents.

Likewise a LIQUID BLACKING prepared with oil that will nourish and preserve the leather in boots and shoes. Price 25 cents.

And a superior liquid blacking that will make even faded morocco appear as new Spanish leather, a shining black. September 20

Augustus Uz,
PATENT WALL-COLOURER AND PAINTER IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.
No. 108, north Seventh-street.

MOST respectfully presents his acknowledgements to a liberal public, for favors received in the extensive encouragement of his new established business, and begs leave to inform them of his further improvements. At the particular request of a number of his customers, he has undertaken the manufacturing of different washes for walls, such as yellow, blue, orange colour, pink and lilac, already mixed fit for laying on, and with sufficient directions for use, so that any person habituated to whitewashing, can also lay on these washes. When desired, he will mix any other colour beside the above-mentioned. The yellow wash in particular, is of a much brighter tint, and approaching more the colour of a lemon, than the yellow ochre, and at the same time much cheaper. He will wait on applicants in the morning from six till nine, and in the afternoon from one till three o'clock. The above mentioned washes being manufactured at a low rate, it is expected, the public will be highly gratified with the plan.

His painting of walls in imitation of papering, has met with a most unanimous applause, and is now in a state of rapid progression and improvement, and as many persons wishing work done in his line, are often disappointed, on account of his business increasing faster than he can teach men to do it, he finds it necessary to let the public know, that he can paint rooms and other apartments, where a fire can be made, in the winter as well as in the summer, and he warrants the work to be equally as good.

Philad. Sept. 20, 1809.

Baltimore College
GRAND LOTTERY.

NOW DRAWING in the city of Baltimore, and continues to draw 1500 tickets each week until finished. In this Lottery there are the following

CAPITAL PRIZES!

Two of	20,000	Dollars,
Three of	10,000	do.
Three of	5,000	do.
Two of	2,000	do.
Ten of	1,000	do.

Besides a large number of $. 500, 200, 100, 50, &c. Three day's drawing are over, and no prize higher than $. 2500 has been drawn.

TICKETS & SHARES warranted undrawn, are now selling at

HUNTER & ROBINSON's
LOTTERY OFFICE, No. 96, MARKET-STREET,
BALTIMORE,

At the following prices; but it is expected from the small number on hand that they will soon be considerably advanced—present price,

Whole tickets,	$. 12 00
Half do.	6 00
Quarter do.	3 25
Eighth do.	1 75

Letters from a distance (post paid) enclosing the cash for tickets, will be immediately attended to, and the earliest information given.

☞ A printed list of ALL the prizes drawn in the above lottery is published every week by H. & R. and forwarded gratis to all those who wish it.

Dec. 6, 1809.

The United Sons of Order;
FREE & EASY,

Meet at the house of DANIEL PARKER, sign of the Robinson Crusoe, south Third-street, every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, during the season. All social souls, fond of mirth and glee, are invited to attend.

Oct. 25.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

ODE
TO
WINTER.

O! Welcome to my soul, congenial power!
Rough WINTER, hail! I love thy hoary locks;
Thy tempest breathing sighs!
The deluge of thy tears!

The Forest shrinks beneath thine iron rod,
And the sad Herds a faithless shelter seek;
Where the time-moulder'd tow'r
Hangs tott'ring o'er the plain!

They raise their wistful eyes; that seem t'upbraid
The ruthless season: while the Raven cries
From solitary tree,
With hoarse and mournful note!

High FIESOLE of the bright mantle spoil'd
That once he wore, with FLORA'S braid adorn'd,
In many a low'ring cloud
Enwraps his sullen breast.

Nor longer ARNO winds a stealing course
Thro' laughing meads, but on swift eddies borne,
His rude discordant tide
Rolls to the midland deep!

This is my fav'rite hour of bliss, severe!
To me more grateful than the gaudy time,
When vocal Spring awakes
Her gaily painted flowers!

Than when red SUMMER glares with sultry gaze
On the parch'd hills; or sallow AUTUMN throws
His golden treasure round,
And drains the purple Vine.

Amidst the dreary Appenines I hear
The tumbling rocks increase, the torrents roar,
And the wide ranging wolf
Howls on the mountain's side!

While ECHO, starting from her icy bed,
Mimics the uproar wild, and FANCY comes,
In pilgrim robe array'd,
And waves her magic wand!

Lo! at her call the FAIRY VISIONS rise,
That calm the sense of woe—Remembrance brings
The Mirror of the past!
And sober reason reigns!

Where are the jocund hours of wanton mirth
That late beguil'd my youth? where are the friends
That join'd the choral lay
When life's fair morn began?

Perchance they chace the fleeting pleasures still,
Nor cast one thought on him who listens here
To the wild storm, and woos
Grim midnight to his arms!

Then welcome to my soul, congenial pow'r
Rough Winter, hail! I love thy hoary locks;
Thy tempest breathing sighs!
The deluge of thy tears!

From Hitchcock's Poems.

While States of their vessels are oft times bereft,
Because they are lash'd to the sea by their heft;
Our nautilian navy, 'tis worthy of note,
When storms rage on high, and there's mischief afloat,
By fleeing to cornfields, or those of red clover,
Can skulk out of sight, till the danger is over;
And thus by escaping an untimely fate,
Prevent a vast deal of expence to the state.
Beside, in a pleasant and sun shiny day,
When gun-boats are clad in their martial array,
And sail forth to war, as a navy is wont,
What aspects of terror appear in their front!
If names of all creatures that men understand,
Were known in the ocean as well as on land,
No doubt but Nereus, and Doris his wife,
Would take them for mammoths, and scamper for life,
The sight which their hostile appearance dispenses,
Must scare old *Leviathan* out of his senses.
Eolus, who keeps the vast ocean a foaming,
Would pull in his horns & sing small when they're coming.
One flash from their *crater*, at suitable distance,
Would strike out a Spanish Armada's existence.
'Tis true that our sea force in past times was shackled,
Ships, schooners and frigates to our navy was tackled;
But these were no terrible sights to explore,
For nations of Europe had seen such before.
Yet these with our gun-boats arrang'd indiscreetly,
Eclips'd their majestic appearance completely;
And that they no longer their glory might rifle,
Were prudently barter'd and sold for a trifle.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 13, 1809.

For the TICKLER.

DE COELIBATU & CONJUGIO.

Or, a single and married life.

Critical it concerns us to be in the right understanding, which of these two contrary conditions of life are most eligible and advantageous, especially since we are bound to believe that it is not good for a man to be alone, and that it is good for a man not to touch a woman; for doubtless in some cases 'tis best for a man to be alone, and in other cases good enough to touch woman in *sano sensu*, and not only lawful but expedient and advisable to cleave unto her *intus et in cute*. But a sage jurisprudent will narrowly look on the mare before he leaps into the saddle; for abundance of enjoyments, postures and conditions of life, that are lawful enough, are woundedly inconvenient, and bloodily inexpedient. And it was the opinion of one of the greatest apostles in this point, that a celibate condition is most eligible, if a man have power over his own will, having no necessity thereunto, better of two evils to chose the lesser, saith that great apostle, that is to marry than to burn.

But I would never find a necessity for either, as conjugal and prolifical cares and pains are very rarely, if ever recompensed with the sweets of expectation or fruition; and that's St. Paul's chief reason against matrimony. Another is restraint of their liberty, which next to health is the richest enjoyment. The hazard of a shipwreck in the adventure of wedlock, is so great, that very few wise and jurisprudently religious persons will run the risk without extraordinary prospects of more than probable collateral advantages; for as the wise Italians say, proverbially, 'there's more goes to house-keeping, than four bare legs in a bed.' Innumerable are the instances of such aforesaid wrecks and ruins of families and persons, by inadvertant attempts of that nature.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautem.

The common inducements to that heavy, though honorable yoke are:

1. To prevent illicit intercourse, which often falls us as experience assures us.

2. An establishment of name and blood which seldomer hits than misses; it commonly happens with such begotten progeniest as the poet laureat of old observed truly of ill-gotten fortunes. *De malè quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*

How perfunctory inducements are such to a jurisprudent, to make him fling a dye for his hap hazard felicity, whereof he is already seized in his demesne (if he think fit) and if it happen otherwise, let any wise man dwell but for a few minutes upon the thoughts of the insignificancy to himself of such piece of heraldry, and he will soon resolve the point, and for an authority or precedent in this point, I will quote the positive opinion of the sagest jurisprudent, and religious philosopher in the world. Ecclesiastes himself, who upon all imaginary scrutiny and fullest experiments, made of all matters sublunary or subsolary (to use his own phrase) and more particularly, our case in hand could not discover one among ten thousand and fit for the purpose to be touched accordingly: and whether in our days they are more numerous or we more sagacious—*Credat Judæus Appella, non ego;* and very good reason have we to think that St. Paul had the spirit of God, (as he did verily think himself) when he declares that, that man who thus resolves in his own mind, that he will be celibate is the wiser and happer of the two.

But to make that yoke as easy, when worn, as may be, the same author doth by particular command from heaven, enjoin them not to part. Let not him (says he) put her away, but if she depart from him, let her be sure to continue unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband, whom it is or ought to be her principal worldly care and business to please, and to comply with and to yield homage and fealty to him, as her lord, her superior, her crown; as 'tis his part to honour and cherish, and tenderly protect and regard her; until by her separation, treachery, defiance or notorious and profligate exorbitances, she do forfeit that allegiance, countenance and protection. Which is plainly perceived by the premises, amounts unto a dissolution of the marriage contract, *pro tanto* if not *pro toto*; for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, as our municipal lawyers determine it is not a divorce *a vinculo*, &c.

Such considerations questionless as these, made the disciples of our great Gamaliel to conclude that it was best for a man not to marry; which their lord and master, not denying their inference, replies unto, by waving a close answer to that conclusion, that all men have not power over their own wills in that matter. Several expediences confessedly, may induce a wise man (and ofner fools) to wear a conjugal yoke, which at best, ought in my opinion, in order at least if not both sides, to be very well lined to prevent a bloody galling. Wittily and oppositely hereupon said a facetious poet in the days of yore

Quid pluma lovius? Pulvis, quid pulvere? ventus.
Quid vento? mulier; Quid muliere? nihil.
Fons iræ est mulier; sed habes duo tempora læta.
Cum jacet in Thalamo, cum jacet in Tumulo.

What's lighter than a feather? Dust.
Lighter than that be wind needs must.
Lighter than wind is a woman,
But what's lighter than her knows no man,
Displeas'd and angry always.
Only you have two joyful days,
The day when she became your bride,
The day wherein this woman died.

In Binns' lying Press, of last Thursday, an extract of a letter from Lancaster appeared, probably written by the jail bird's man Friday, Mordey Wump Noah, in which the contemptible supporters of the king of Ignorance endeavor to impress upon the public mind a belief that the election of Presly Carr Lane to the speaker's chair of the senate, and Jemmy Fishhook Engle to that of the house of representatives, augurs favorably to the reign of Ignorance. Exactly the reverse is the fact. Lane and Engle are both decidedly opposed to Snyder and *his wire workers*. As to Engle's having in the house, previous to the choice of speaker, made any declaration that he was 'the decided friend of the present administration of the state government,' we know to be a most *unblushing lie*, as no declarations no solicitations, are ever resorted to on that occasion.

We have seen an extract of a letter from Lancaster, which states the very reverse of jail-bird Binns' *hired* correspondent.

The '*governmental paper*' of last Friday evening contained a lengthy article, *said* to have been communicated by the king of Ignorance to the 'collected wisdom of Pennsylvania,' and forwarded by '*express*' to the Pennsylvania *Pere du Chene*. We believe Binns had that identical message in his possession several days prior to its being sent to the legislature, and that the term 'express' had nothing to do with the business, unless he meant to say that it had been sent to him by his majesty's '*express*' command.

The message itself is a heterogenous compound, a '*mixtum gatherum*' ('as we say in Latin')—a sort of clumsily connected dish of *salmagundi*, without exordium or peroration—but, lame as it is, we venture to declare, and stake our character for veracity on the assertion, that *Simon Snyder never wrote that message*. As well might our worthy friend colonel Patton be said to write all the letters on which he impresses the post mark, as to say that Simon Snyder wrote any more than his own name, of the message ascribed to his *prolific pen*. From its length, we are induced to surmise that Simon's tutors wrote for him by the yard, for had it been written in *German text*, it would cover a large *ox hide*.

For some time previous to the meeting of the legislature, Mr. Secretary Billew traversed various counties, in quest of '*public opinion*.' This term 'public opinion' means nothing more or less than the will and pleasure of his most *sagacious* majesty, the king of Ignorance—and is but a sham with which his advisers gull 'the million' and substitute their own for real '*public opinion*.' The great gun of the law, or his majesty's walking law library, Wat Franklin, also endeavored to sift and gather fragments of 'public opinion' respecting the present judiciary system; and so much of the message as relates to that subject, may be ascribed to his suggestions, and to those of the *great* lawyer *Bell-ass*, of Northumberland. This opinion is strengthened by one particular passage in the message, where Simon *may be supposed* to point out the difficulties arising from the various constructions put upon positive statutes, by different judges, and draws a conclusion from this circumstance favorable to '*common law*' which is altogether founded on precedent. We well know Snyder's hostility to the common law—to all learned lawyers and learned men—he of his own free will would never have suggested any thing that might operate in favour of the '*detested*' common law—it is therefore but natural to infer that a lawyer actually wrote that part of the message, and so artfully interwove his sincere opinion, that it completely eluded the observation of the observation of the king of Ignorance and his *sober* secretary.

The other component parts of the message may be considered as the joint production of secretary Billew and *Robert T. Rawle*; whose trip from Jersey to Pennsylvania is now satisfactorily accounted for.

We now proceed to strip the message of its artificial decorations and present it under the title of

EBULLITIONS OF IGNORANCE,

Condensed and Rectified.

Felloe-shittisens,

De oder gufenors of Bennsilfaney yewst do go ant see de legkisslaydure, loike men, but I dinks it ist moar betterer unter my atminishtrayshun, do too oderwise; I derefore sent my sendimends, und Mr. Billew's sendimends, Mr. Frenklin's sendimends, und de sendimends of all my prifiey gownsellers unt poart of gondroll. Derefore my speedtch, loike *Turbey's ledter*, gums '*hopbing*.' Dis ist vat I galls zimbliszidy of manners als vell als zimbliszidy of dinking.

You meed, felloe-shittizens, ad a dime ven our relayshuns mit Europa ar as deep unt interesting as my old *tan-bits*. De hosdile nayshuns foight away loike teffils, unt haf gut off de traid do de Wesd Inties, unt oder blaices vere ve yewst do sent gow-skins do.

Bud led us leaf dese fellers do foight oud dere battles, unt dake a beep ad hoam. Our dreshury ist full; dat ist a fine ding—Simon lofes de monish, unt lokes do douch 1,3 hunnert, dirtydree thalers, unt 33 cents, every dree mondts. Hauses, parns, haysdacks unt oartshits, ar pilding eferey vere. Tomesdick manny-fagdorees of viskey, gin, flauer, unt bodadoes, flourisch loike all de vorld. We haf got large shod manney-fagdorees at Fillurdelfee, vere dey mack shod for do shoad de grows unt plackpirds von our gorn feeldts. Chonny Torsey maiks flore-glodds for geepen de haus gleen; unt dey haf a gween's-wair bottery, vere dey maik a gread sight of *bots mit one hantel*. I beleef dey gail it gween's-wair bottery in honner of mine frau. Den we rais a liddle gotton, wool, (for dere's a gread many sheps) some *hemb*, for Tuane unt his dimmey-grats, flax for shirdts, schifdts unt glouts—mit, oh tear krayshus! a tamt deal of *ledter*. Dese, my felloe-shittisens, are burdey dings do dink of.

In de var vich I maid on de marshal of de Unided Stades, I vas not so lugkey als I doat I shud pee. My man cheneral Pright bud a kaurd at de tore of de fort Riddenhaus, unt durnt away de marshal, bud at last he schlibpt in, unt den I baid de monish. Cheneral Pright unt 3 men, 'de leasdt wordey of hoom I shud pe broud do gail my broder,' vere ketcht unt clapt in shail—triet, gonvicktet, unt sendencet do fine unt imbrisonmendt. But de bresident bardont em all, unt so I vill say no moar apout it.

De miliz of our stade ar *nople* fellurs—one hunnert tausent stdroug—dey oney vant officiers, arms, unt tisseybline to pe goot soldshurs.

De laws vat we maid ar so many, dat de law pooks git so pig dat nobotty gan garry em, unt it dakes a tamt long hedted fellur do dell vat de law ist. Derefore I dink it wud pe petterer to maik all de laws unt subplemendts indo vone law—unt vat a tamt pig law dat wud pe!!

Unt den de chudges dont unterstant de stadute laws alige—vone saiys dis ding, unt toder saiys dat ting ist de law—now I wands de law to pe all alige—'spose you bass a law, teglaring dat chudges musdt dink vone like de ander.

Ah, bud apove all law gif me de arpydrashun law dat ist de ding for my money. A man can ket de arpydraitors haf snapt, unt den he can ket chustice *fist a-s he pleases*. In Longester it toes ferry vell; bud in Fillurdelfee, vere dere ist so many tamt lawyurs, dey most allwais apheals; bud ven dey gums to unterstant de pewtees of de arpydrayshun law, dey vill led ap-beals alone.

Vat you dinks, spose we akree not te hang aney moar murtering roakes, bud lock em up, unt maik em work bis dey tie? Dat vill safe fife boundts do de gaunty, vere he ist to pe hangt, unt gif de bublic de peanyfit of his vork so lang als he lifs. Aney ding to earne an honist benny.

Moral virdoo ist anoder fine ding; I winsch you wud mint it doo. Bud Mr. Billew gan dell you all apoud it; for dere ist no man breadtshes moar apoud mordalidy unt dem kint of dings, dan he, aldo' he pragdises dem so littel als his naypurs. Unt I vant you to dink apoud buplic skools; for had dere peen sitch skools ven I vas a liddel poy, I shud not now pe gal, de '*ging of Ickнoranz*.'

De lant officiers, Chonny Gochran unt ret-nost Antrew Borter, haf been as pissy als pees, bud ar far pehint de pissness. But dey ar glefer fellurs—Chonny rides pewtiful bowedry on me, unt Antrew's nose ist petter dan a tark landern; so I vill anser for dere koot pehafeuer.

Dere ist anoder ding vat I vants you to mint. De gharder of de Penk of Bennsilaney vill tie in apoud dree yeers; de stade oans a gread many sheers, and Mr. Billew oans sum in it doo. I hoab you vill mint your eyes unt push forwarts, for ef you vont gif em a new gnarter, Mr. Billew unt his frendts shud know it dat dey mout sell out.

I haf suberskriped for 35 tausend thaler wordt of stock in de Fillurdelfee Penk; unt pawt oder stock, amounding do 47 tausend, 7 hunnert unt 9 thalers, unt 71 cent.

De tepardmendt of agkounts vill dell you vat dey haf peen apoud—you will see dat dey haf kot moar monish den we sall vant dis yeer. Unt den de act for maiking de beepels bay inderest upon inderest, for monish tue for lant battents, has so skeert em, dat dey haf baid indo de dreshury 3 hunnert unt 61 tausent, 7 hunnert unt 5 thalers, unt 92 cent!!! Vat fine mills dat wud pillt! Unt dere ist a koot deel of monish do gum in yet. Ah! how I likes do daak apoud de monish!

In de egseegushun of de varyus unt imbordant drusts gommided do de legkisslaydure, I bromis a faidful *cooper*-ashun in all meshures bromodif of de bupfic goots.

SIMON SCHNEIDER.

Von de ballace '*Di Ignoranza*,'
dis 7th Dec. 1809, unt of our
reign de 1st.

At the recent meeting of the St. Andrews Society, Tam Lieper attended, but had not been in the room many minutes, before one of the waiters put a card into his hand, on which was written, 'Thomas—come home immediately, as an unfortunate accident has happened to your wife—her clothes caught fire, and she is most shockingly burnt. In haste, &c.' Tam instantly hied home as fast as his legs and cane could

carry him—when lo! it proved to be nothing but a *hoax*; which, to a man of Lieper's *susceptible* and *feeling heart* must have been a source of anxious and tender solicitude.

On the evening of the first instant, Mr. Cooper performed Richard III. at the Boston theatre. A curious typographical error crept into the bill of that night:

'Edward, prince of Whales, Mrs. Claude.'

This most certainly must have been but a spurious prince of *Whales*, as he was but a woman in disguise. Our theatre, however, can boast the possession of the true and legitimate prince of *Whales*.

At a recent meeting of piscivorous wights, held at the Hornet's-nest, for the purpose of arranging and new modelling their piscatory excursions for the next season, it was *Resolved*, to abandon the Schuylkill, and resort to the Delaware, as this arrangement will render the members less liable to observation, and consequently to censure for neglect of public duties.

On motion of Robert T. Rawle, the *gentlemen* present proceeded to ballot for officers of the '*piscivorous association*,' when

John Catfish Miller, was duly chosen president
Thomas Cash, vice-president;
Capt. Snuffle Grafton, secretary; and
Robert T. Rawle, Esq. purveyor.

During the last commotions in Ireland, an officer and escort were sent to arrest a blacksmith near Dublin, accused of manufacturing *pikes* for the United Irishmen. After seizing the blacksmith, the officer insisted on being conducted to the place where the weapons were concealed, and the poor man was compelled to lead them to a discovery. After trudging very unwillingly for about two miles, he approached the banks of the Liffey, and pointing to the river, exclaimed— there your honor, are the greatest number of fine *pikes* in all the Liffey!'

MEDICAL EPIGRAM.

With wig profound, old Galen cries,
'My patients ne'er complain!'
'I do believe you' Ned replies—
'*You put them out of pain!*'

From the Massachusetts Spy.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Come strike up the shrill fife, and let's rattle the drum,
For no one can doubt we shall soon overcome;
We shall quickly obtain the redress of our griefs;
When led on by our redoubtable chiefs:
Derry Down, &c.

Let Jefferson bold in a gun-boat quick be shipt,
Equipt for the war, like Cambyses in Egypt:
He surely would all the base Britons surprise,
With dogs from his Prairie of every size:
Derry down, &c.

And then all their ranks he would dreadfully goad,
With the horns of his frogs, & his great horn'd toad!
'Twould surprise them still more to see him with an air,
Swing away from their shot in his whirligig chair!
Derry down, &c.

And then should we send forth our Fulton, so keen,
To blow them all up with his water machine:
I tell you, my friends, 'tis a part of my *credo*,
He would scour the seas with his cracking torpedo:
Derry down, &c.

Do ye think that our Fulton can't blow the sea dry,
By sending the water all into the sky?
Then if Britons won't keep from the ocean, 'od rot 'em,
We'll set Fulton to work to blow up the bottom!
Derry down, &c.

And then there's our Wilkinson—dread Sabine hero!
Who wou'd use them far worse than a Turk, or than Nero!
This man of renown, we may easy divine,
Would have drank the sea dry—had it been fill'd with wine.
Derry down, &c.

These poor British dogs, Gods! how would they be goaded,
Should each gun be with capers and sugar plumbs loaded!
What a racket he'll make, when he Britain invades,
With his empty glass bottles turn'd into grenades!
Derry down, &c.

Here's a health to those heroes, these men of renown,
Since no one can doubt they will bring Britain down,
Should our BACON go with them, and set up his bristles,
Then woe to the Knights of their Garters & Thistles.
Derry down, &c.

DIED on Wednesday, the 1st of November last, at his house in Lombard-street, Mr. *Robert Montgomery*.

'Thou hast it now; and, I fear,
Playds't most foully for't.'

'Foul deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.'

There is preparing and will be published, *a narrative of facts*, that have occurred within a short year, in a certain house in this city, in relating which, there will be 'nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in malice.' A more complete piece of intrigue and combination of villainy, has seldom if ever happened in this country. An old strumpet and her daughter, who is, if possible, of greater notoriety than the mother, in conjunction with a *religious, honest, disinterested democrat* from the state of Delaware, and a fellow of the same kidney, residing near, and *a particular friend of the above ladies*, whose heart is *steel'd* against corruption, make a conspicuous figure in this history. We forbear saying any thing further on the subject at present.

On the annual convocation of the legislature, Lancaster became revivified. 'Squire Matter, Pilly Powsman, Kuddlefleck, unt Chonny Stitchum vas all so prisk unt so cholley! De 'squire doat of de pows unt skrapes vat de 'Semplee mens wud maik to him, pecause he ist a '*yust als a beast*.' Pilly Powsman, set it wud pe a fine ding do ko do proder Chonny's dafern unt doak apoud Bolly Dicks mit de dimmeygrats, unt ask Taddy Ottenheimer wedder Bonneybard hasent kot Yiburrawltar. Kuddlefleck rubbed his hands, and exultingly exclaimed, 'now I'll sell all my peef!'—— Chonny Stitchum's goose has cooled considerably since Simon forgot to gratify him with a fat office, and Mrs. Stitchum's back has got up with her majesty, with whom she declares she will not again take tea, 'pecause Simon mait dat fat-pellied Basmoar brodonnoderry, unt he wudent maik Shorgey his glark. Huts meisly.

The *luminaries* from our city have, as yet, preserved a most profound silence. Little Bill don't promise to be that chattering jackdaw, which many apprehended. The king of Ignorance may sleep in security for aught Bill can achieve; and even the philosopher Billew takes his *drops of sugar'd comfort*, with his usual *sang froid*.

One of our city Solomon's appears to feel very uneasy at his new *bench*—his legislative seat don't fit him; to a *shaving*. Alas! poor Georgey Summers! he had better stuck to his profession of a carpenter.

Poets oft he made, resolv'd a *place* to get,
And liv'd by *railing*, though he has no *wit*.
Old saws he has, although no *antiquarian*,
Styles he corrects, and yet is no *grammarian*.

For the TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I wish to devote some of my leisure hours to your columns: I have a great inclination to write, but unfortunately, not the abilities. The reason is, I am confident, the want of education; for I have the vanity to think it is not owing to a sterility of ideas. In imagination, I have composed some very elegant orations, which I have pronounced in such a peculiar strain of eloquence accompanied with such fascinating oratory, that my auditors were enchanted; but unfortunately, I discovered it was only myself that was enchanted, and, of consequence I received no fame, which I confess was very mortifying to my pride. However, if you think me not beneath your notice, I will occasionally send you the labours of my pen. The insertion or non-insertion of the following, will convey your answer.

Affectation is a quality as universally practised as condemned. It renders its possessor obnoxious and is the means of his being treated with contempt. There is something so hypocritical in it as cannot fail to excite disgust, even in persons who are themselves notorious for affectation.

Mr. B. has received a liberal education; he writes poetry tolerably well, translates French *very elegantly*, and can scrape a *fandango* on the violin.

When I was introduced to him, I was instantly struck with his lofty and bombastic salutation: wishing to be a little diverted, I permitted him and one or two other wits, who happened to be with him at the time, to engross the conversation, whilst I, poor devil, sat in one corner apparently surprised at the bursts of talents each witling displayed.

Their vanity was highly gratified at my confusion, for they had been previously informed that I was a tolerable smart fellow. By way of giving me a proof of their conviviality, one of them asked me, 'how goes hay.' 'I do not know,' was my reply, and again relapsed into silence.

Finding that I preferred silence, they permitted me, for the remainder of the evening, to amuse myself with what reflections my mind should suggest, and on my bidding them good evening, they pressed me to call again, and observed that they flattered themselves with the conviction of receiving very interesting and highly improving instruction from my converse. I asked if I might bring a friend along with me the next time. Oh yes, by all means, was the reply.

On my second visit I was accompanied by a friend, a young man of good sense; we were shewn into the room where Mr. B. and four others were sitting, they immediately rose and saluted us with such towering and pedantic language as quite astonished my companion. When we were seated, Mr. B. arose, and after adjusting his cravat and committing a hem or two to the wide world, observed, 'I am glad of your visit this evening, it is the evening on which our association meet.' I instantly expressed my regret at interrupting the meeting, and begged pardon for the intrusion. 'Oh! no intrusion at all' replied Mr. B. 'we wish you to join our association, which is distinguished from the petty societies that abound in this city, by the stile of '*An Association of men of letters*;' and without waiting either for mine or my companion's consent, elected us members. I regret that the cry of fire broke up the meeting before the usual time of adjournment. However, in a few days, my companion and myself are to undergo the ceremony of initiation, a description of which will be sent to you in due time.

MILO.

EXPOSITION No. 1.

Mr. Scratch'em,

I look upon your paper as I do upon an excellent medicine; for while it shows to the world the follies and vices of men, and thereby warns others from like conduct, it acts upon those men, as a remedy, and has been known to produce the most excellent consequences. A paper of this kind is necessary in populous cities; many absurdities continually grow up, and like poisonous weeds infect the rectitude of virtuous men, and the gardener who roots out these sprouts and exposes them to view, does the community an important service. To you, sir, as the most proper person, I apply, as the publisher of this series. What my numbers shall contain, will be founded upon truth, in order that you may never reproach the expositor with having abused the confidence you may be disposed to grant him.

Not long since, a society of *well meaning* young men set themselves up to correct the vices of their fellow youth. The manner in which that is done, will hereafter be shown, and the world will see whether or not '*all is not gold that glitters*.' The name which they have adopted is '*Quizzical*,' and a quizzical set they are—they boast the tendency of the club is laudable—we shall examine into that particular, and report accordingly.

We must inform you, sir, that your giving publicity to these numbers will not gratify *private malice*, they are intended merely to expose the authors of this perfect *quiz*, and by so doing we shall encourage persons who have been and may be insulted by so vile a crew, not to feel themselves in the least hurt by what may come from the mouth of a '*Quizzical Club*.'

These sage gentlemen shroud, as they think, in impenetrable obscurity, all their actions. This is certainly very much in their favor, but we must of course conclude that 'their deeds are evil.' However, in the progress of this paper, it will be *seen that all is not unseen*.

New Theatre.

MASTER PAYNE'S FIFTH NIGHT.

Wednesday Evening, December 13,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A celebrated Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Hamlet	Master Payne.
Claudius	Mr. Warren
Ghost of Hamlet's Father,	Mr. M'Kenzie
Lærtes	Mr. Cone
Horatio	Mr. Hardinge
Rosencrantz	Master Barrett
Guildenstern	Mr. Harris
Player King	Mr. Cross
Polonius	Mr. Jefferson
First Grave Digger	Mr. Blissett
Second do	Mr. West
Gertrude	Mrs. Barrett
Ophelia	Mrs. Wilmot
Player Queen	Mrs. Francis

To which will be added, a Farce, in two acts, called the

WEATHERCOCK.

Old Fickle	Mr. Francis
Tristram Fickle	Mr. Jefferson
Briefwit	Mr. Blissett
Sneer	Mr. Wilmot
Variella	Mrs. Wilmot
Ready	Miss Pettit

Box, one dollar---Pit, three quarters of a dollar, and Gallery, half a dollar.

Doors will be opened at 5, and the curtain will rise at 6 o'clock, precisely.

DAVID INGS,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES KER)

HAS taken that commodious and well known tavern No. 71, Dock-street, where he will constantly keep an assortment of the very best liquors, Wines, beer, porter, &c.

Dinners, suppers, relishes, &c. prepared at the shortest notice.

Dec. 13.

Selected for the special amusement of Charley White, who, we understand makes it a practice to borrow our paper, and thus reads it gratis. But we forgive him, as Charley is a poor rich man.

Mr. VANDILLE was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny a day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor: being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up, and after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty three shillings and four pence. This prudent economist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne; from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent on undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general at the market, and, from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, 'Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of weath may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries and even eternity itself.' When he became extensively rich, being, in the year 1735 worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two; one day he heard a wood-man going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed at the lowest rate possible but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding hole, and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever; he then sent, for the first time, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation, was dismissed: he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a time; 'But,' says this worthy economist, 'friend how often will it be requisite to bleed?' 'Three times.' said he. 'And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?' 'About eight ounces each time,' answered the barber. 'That will be nine pence! too much, too much,' says the old miser, 'I have determined to go a cheaper way to work: take the whole quantity you design to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me six-pence,' which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir. Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Now I feel ten thousand evils
Brought upon me by—blue devils;
At home my house is fill'd with smoke,
Enough a Samoied to choke;
And my unruly girls and boys,
Almost raise the roof with noise.
Should any knock, 'tis ten to one,
'Twill be some market-man, or dun;
But if alone I quiet sit,
I muse myself into a fit:
There am I fuming, fretting, sighing,
Sometimes thinking much of dying;
And then, not knowing t'other world,
I may be down to Tophet hurl'd.
At night I try to go to sleep,
But nothing do, save toss and weep;
Almost sweating with affright,
At the spectres of the night:
In my waking dreams, profound,
Frightful forms my bed surround;
Here some witch her entrance makes;
There crawl and hiss a thousand snakes;
Here robbers lurk, in covert dim,
And round me skulk the murd'rers grim;
I see the gleam of demons fell,
About to take me off to hell;
I see full many a monstrous beast,
Ready on my limbs to feast;
And thus I pass the night away,
Looking anxious for the day.
In summer if abroad I stray,
Midst the radiant blaze of day,
The burning sun fierce melts my brains,
Inflicting the most barb'rous pains:
At other times the torrents pour,
Or more tormenting drizzling show'r;
In Winter, too, descending slow,
Comes the chilling, hateful snow;
Then feet and hands, and cheeks all freeze,
In the cutting north-west breeze.
Summer brings fevers—cause of physic,
In winter, asthmas, wheeze and phthisic.
If I look to another world,
Who knows but there I may be hurl'd
Among the devils—horrid names!
And burn in Phlegethon's hot flames!
But if I live I'm sure, my friend,
The world will soon be at an end:
We nature see convuls'd with throes.
And all the earth brim full of woes:
Here earthquakes fill our minds with wonder,
And men and things are struck by thunder;
Our race is plagu'd with evil humours,
And nations hear of wars and rumours;
All these dire portents, surely, tend,
To shew we're near th' appointed end.

From 'Omnium Gatherum.'

EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT AMERICAN RECORDS.

LAWS of MASSACHUSETTS.

'If any person shall wilfully and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severity towards them, such *children* shall have liberty to complain to authority for redress in such cases.' (1641.)

The following law established an easy mode of balloting;

'It is ordered by this court, and the authority thereof, That for the yearly choosing of assistants, the freemen shall use *Indian corn* and *beans*—The Indian corn to manifest election, the beans contrary; and if any freeman shall put in more than one Indian corn or bean for the choice or refusal of any public officer, he shall forfeit for every such offence ten pounds, &c. (1643.)

This was perhaps an expedient to supply a want of paper, or inability to write. The first is not very probable, as four years after, the freemen were directed to vote for other officers of government, 'by writing the names of the persons elected, in papers open, or once folded, not twisted or rolled up, that they may be the sooner perused.'

'It is ordered by this court, &c. That all farms which are within the bounds of any town, shall hencefortl be of the *same town where they lye*, except Medford. (1641.)

This appears at first ludicrous; yet is easily explained, by considering that lands, in the infant state of the colony, were assessed, &c. in the towns where the owners resided. In the wording, the law resembles an odd act of Pennsylvania, which ordered, 'That a certain square should be appropriated for the publick walks, encosed within a high brick wall, and *lie open forever*.'

Laws of Maryland.

'Be it urther enacted, That if any person or persons, killng any such *unmarked* swine in the woods or elsewhere, and shall wilfully disfigure the mark, or cut off the ears of such swine, so as to conceal the *true and real mark*, or whether it were *marked or not*, shall be deemed and judged a hog-stealer within the purview of this act, and suffer accordingly.' (1665.)

Last summer an advertisement in the following terms, was stuck upon the wall of a coffee-house not many miles from Boston. 'This *coffee-house removed up stairs.*' A Roman emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night into his bed-chamber; but drawing a whole house up into itself is certainly a novelty.

COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

From the pen of FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esquire.

Professor. What is a SALT-BOX?

Student. It is a box made to contain salt.

P. How is it divided?

S. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

P. Very well! shew the distinction.

S. A salt box may be where there is no salt: but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

P. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

S. Yes, by a partition.

P. What is the use of this partition?

S. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

P. How? Think a little.

S. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

P. To be sure: it is to separate the fine from the coarse: but are not all salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

S. Yes: into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

P. Define the several kinds of salt-boxes.

S. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hand of the joiner.

P. Why so?

S. Because it has never yet become a salt-box in *fact* having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

P. Very true—for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box.

S. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

P. Very good—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

S. I know of none.

P. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors; it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense, any box that may have accidentally or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other divisions of salt-boxes do you recollect?

S. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*; a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is one that hangs upon a nail against the wall.

P. What is the idea of a salt-box?

S. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

P. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

S. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

P. Very right—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

S. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

P. True—and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shews the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or *accidental* property of a salt-box?

S. It is *essential*: but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill the salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

P. Very well! very well indeed! What is the salt called with respect to the box?

S. It is called its contents.

P. And why so?

S. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

P. You are very right—I see you have not mispent your time.

FASHION,

Thou dear, licentious, heedless, motley demon! how various are thy shapes! how wide is thy empire!

That secret charm is thine, to lead the million captive, to mould us into monsters, or to change us into fools! Man is thine and woman too—the world is thine—from the rosy youth up to the lean and slippered pantaloon. The little love-eyed girl, her bosom beating, for she knows not what, her young heart fluttering she knows not why, leaps from her nurse's arms into thine. The ancient coquette and withered lady of sixty, braiding her hoary locks and smoothing her wrinkled brow, quits at once her crape and her Creator, and kneels at thy shrine. Nor least, though last, that taper, thin, two-legged Bagatelle—that soft-faced, soft-hearted thing with a great head, and nothing in it, thy well-beloved Maccaroni, for thee he dances, dresses, ogles, limps; for thee he trips on tiptoe, limps like a semptress, skips upon carpets and ambles round ladies' knees; for thee he quits his manhood, and is that amphibious, despicable thing we see him. Great is thy empire, O FASHION! and great is thy mischief; for thou leadest thy votaries astray—thou leadest them to adultery and tears.

M. P. M.

A prisoner being brought up, the following dialogue passed between him and the magistrate. 'How do you *live?*' 'Pretty well sir; generally a little beef and pudding at dinner!' 'I mean sir, how do you *get your bread?*' 'I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at the grocer's shop.' 'You may be as witty as you please sir, but I mean *simply* to ask you, *how do you?*' 'Tolerably well, I thank you sir; I hope your worship is well.'

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